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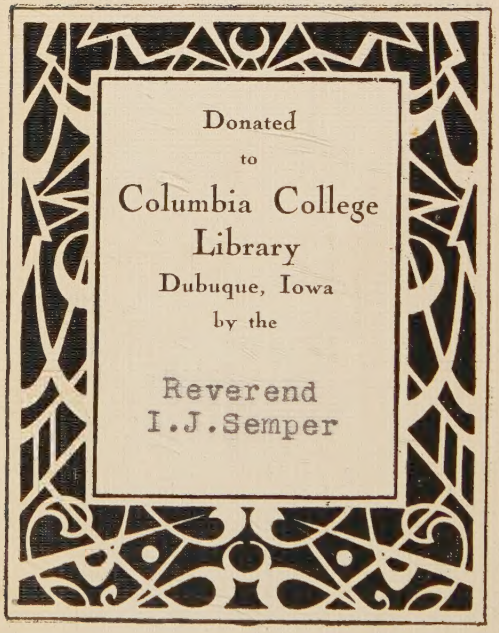
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The Merchant Gentleman

(LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME)

A Comedy in Four Acts

15-15621

BY

MOLIÈRE

Rev. D. J. Semper

TRANSLATED BY

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PREFATORY NOTE.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme was written by Molière as a " comedy ballet " or a musical comedy for the court of Louis XIV. It was first presented October 14, 1670, at the royal château of Chambord, with Molière himself as M. Jourdain and his wife as Lucile. The comedy was so well received that it was repeated before the court a number of times, and it has ever since been something of a favorite in France.

Though in the earlier presentation music and the ballet seemed to be the main interest, the character of M. Jourdain, made so pleasing and life-like by the unconscious genius of Molière, has so asserted itself that to a modern audience the play is more acceptable with the music and dancing subordinated to the action and character presentation. Because of this, and because the play is more easily handled by amateurs if the music and dancing are simplified, the translator has taken the liberty of cutting and simplifying in these directions.

The music for the play was composed by Jean Baptiste Lulli, the creator of French opera.

THE MERCHANT GENTLEMAN

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

M. JOURDAIN.....*A Parisian Merchant*
MME. JOURDAIN.....*His wife*
LUCILE.....*His daughter*
DORIMIÈNE.....*A Marquise*
DORANTE.....*A Count, in love with* DORIMIÈNE
CLÉONTE.....*A suitor to* LUCILE
NICOLE.....*Servant to* M. JOURDAIN
COVIELLE.....*Valet to* CLÉONTE
A MUSIC MASTER
A DANCING MASTER
A FENCING MASTER
A MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY
A TAILOR
APPRENTICE TO THE TAILOR
A PUPIL OF THE MUSIC MASTER
TWO LACKEYS
MUSICIANS, DANCERS

The Merchant Gentleman

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Drawing room in* M. JOURDAIN'S *house in Paris. Somewhat showy furnishings of Louis XIV's time.* MUSIC MASTER, DANCING MASTER, *three musicians, two fiddlers, and four dancers are present.*

MASTER OF MUSIC. (*To his musicians*) Here, enter that room and remain there until M. Jourdain comes. (*The musicians go out left*)

MASTER OF DANCING. (*To the dancers*) And you also on this side. (*The dancers go out right*)

MASTER OF MUSIC. (*To his pupil, seated at a desk writing*) Is it finished?

MUSIC PUPIL. Yes.

MASTER OF MUSIC. Let us see it. (*Takes the composition and hums the air*) Very good.

MASTER OF DANCING. Is it something new?

MASTER OF MUSIC. Yes, it is a little air for the serenade that I have just had him compose while we were waiting for our man to wake up.

MASTER OF DANCING. May I see what it is?

MASTER OF MUSIC. You will hear it soon with the words, when he comes.

MASTER OF DANCING. Our commissions are not little now.

MASTER OF MUSIC. True. We have found a

man such as we both need; it is a good income that M. Jourdain, with his visions of the aristocracy and gallantry, gives us.

MASTER OF DANCING. Yes; but I should be glad if he knew more about the things we do for him.

MASTER OF MUSIC. True, he knows little, but he pays well; and it is money that our arts need now more than anything else.

MASTER OF DANCING. As for me, I confess that I feel repaid by a little fame; I enjoy applause. It is torture to me to perform before unfeeling blockheads; on the other hand, I take keen pleasure in working for people who have a fine feeling for the delicacies of my art, and who are at once discriminating and appreciative in their praise. The best pay that an artist can receive is to see his productions well received and widely appreciated.

MASTER OF MUSIC. I agree with you. I too like praise; nothing pleases me more. But a man cannot live on applause; this incense cannot satisfy hunger. Something more solid is necessary. The best praise is silver. To be sure, our patron is far from cultured; he praises the weak points rather than the strong. But his good money makes up for his poor judgment; and the ignorant bourgeois is of more real help to us than the refined count who introduced us here.

MASTER OF DANCING. There is something in what you say. But you put too high a value on money. This is such a vulgar interest that no self-respecting man would be found guilty of it.

MASTER OF MUSIC. You accept very gladly, however, the money that our man gives you.

MASTER OF DANCING. Most assuredly, but I do not bank all my happiness on it; and I wish that with his money he had some taste.

MASTER OF MUSIC. I wish the same, and we are both striving toward this end. At all events, he

provides us with the means to make ourselves known to the world; he pays for the others what the others praise for him.

(*Enter* M. JOURDAIN *at the back, followed by two lackeys in livery. He is dressed in a silk dressing-gown over tight-fitting knee-breeches of red velvet and a jersey of green velvet.—Lackeys take places one on each side of door.*)

M. JOURDAIN. I have kept you waiting, but it is because I am to dress to-day like a person of quality, and my tailor has sent me some silk stockings that I thought I could never get on.

MASTER OF MUSIC. We are here to await your pleasure. (*With a low bow*)

M. JOURDAIN. I beg you both to stay until my tailor brings my dress-coat; I want you to see how I look in it.

MASTER OF DANCING. We will do so with pleasure, Monsieur. (*Low bow*)

M. JOURDAIN. You will see me dressed in the latest style from head to toe.

MASTER OF MUSIC. We do not doubt that.

M. JOURDAIN. I have just had this dressing-robe made.

MASTER OF DANCING. It is very beautiful.

M. JOURDAIN. My tailor tells me that people of quality wear these in the mornings.

MASTER OF MUSIC. It becomes you marvelously.

M. JOURDAIN. Lackey! Hey!—my *two* lackeys.

FIRST LACKEY. What will you have, Monsieur? (*Stepping forward and bowing*)

M. JOURDAIN. The other lackey!

SECOND LACKEY. Monsieur! (*Low bow*)

M. JOURDAIN. Just to see if you hear me. (*To* MASTER OF MUSIC *and* MASTER OF DANCING) What do you think of my liveries? (*Pointing to his lackeys*)

MASTER OF DANCING. They are magnificent.

M. JOURDAIN. (*Throwing open his robe*) Here is a little déshabille to take my morning exercise in.

MASTER OF MUSIC. It is elegant.

M. JOURDAIN. Lackey!

FIRST LACKEY. Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. The other lackey.

SECOND LACKEY. Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. (*Throwing off his dressing-robe*) Take my robe (*To* MASTER OF MUSIC *and of* DANCING) You like me in this?

MASTER OF DANCING. Very much. One could not look better.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MASTER OF MUSIC) Let us hear your composition.

MASTER OF MUSIC. I should like first to have you hear a little air which one of my pupils has composed for the serenade that you ordered. He has an admirable talent for such things.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah! Yes, but you should not have had this done by a pupil; you are not too good yourself for this thing.

MASTER OF MUSIC. The word pupil must not deceive you, Monsieur; this sort of pupil knows as much as the great masters, and the air is as beautiful as can be composed. Only listen.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To his lackeys*) Give me my robe that I may hear better—wait, I think I shall do better without my robe—no, give it to me—there, that will answer.

(*Musicians sing and play.*)

"I languish night and day
And my suffering is extreme;
For the rigors of your eyes
Haunt me as in a dream

If one who loves you thus
Is tortured by your eyes,
With what disdain you'll look
On one whom you despise."

M. JOURDAIN. That is a little doleful, it puts me to sleep; I should like to have you liven it up a little, this way—that way. Tra, La, La, La.

MASTER OF MUSIC. The air, Monsieur, must correspond with the words.

M. JOURDAIN. Someone taught me a pretty air not long ago; listen, la, la! How does it go?

MASTER OF DANCING. By my faith, I do not know.

M. JOURDAIN. There is something about sheep in it.

MASTER OF DANCING. About sheep?

M. JOURDAIN. Yes. (*He sings*)

"Dear Jeannette, Jeannette,
Your beauty makes me weep;
Dear Jeannette, Jeannette,
As sweet as any sheep.
Oh Jeanne, Jeanne, my pet,
Your beauty makes me fret.
A thousand times more cruel
Art thou than any sheep;
Ah Jeannette, Jeannette,
Your beauty makes me weep."

Is that not pretty?

MASTER OF MUSIC. The prettiest in the world.

MASTER OF DANCING. And you sing it well.

M. JOURDAIN. And I never learned music!

MASTER OF MUSIC. You ought to study it, Monsieur, as you do dancing. These two arts are closely related.

MASTER OF DANCING. And they open the spirit of a man to all things beautiful.

M. JOURDAIN. Do people of quality learn music also?

MASTER OF MUSIC. Yes, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. I will learn it then. But I do not know what time I can find for it; for, besides the master of fencing, I have hired a master of philosophy, who is to begin this morning.

MASTER OF MUSIC. Philosophy is something; but music, Monsieur, music——!

MASTER OF DANCING. Music and dancing—music and dancing, they are all that are necessary.

MASTER OF MUSIC. There is nothing so useful in society as music.

MASTER OF DANCING. There is nothing so necessary to people of quality as dancing.

MASTER OF MUSIC. Without music one cannot hold his place in the fashionable world.

MASTER OF DANCING. Without knowing how to dance a man would know nothing.

MASTER OF MUSIC. All the disorder, all the wars which one sees in the world are possible only because people do not know music.

MASTER OF DANCING. All the misfortunes of men, all the disastrous reverses with which history is filled, all the mistakes in politics and all the blunders of great captains, come only from not knowing how to dance.

M. JOURDAIN. How is that?

MASTER OF MUSIC. War, does it not come from a lack of harmony among men?

M. JOURDAIN. That is true.

MASTER OF DANCING. And if all men understood music, would not that be a means of harmony, and lead to universal peace?

M. JOURDAIN. You are right.

MASTER OF DANCING. Where a man has committed a blunder, be it in the affairs of his family, or in the government of a state, or in commanding an army, do not people always say: "Such a man has made a false step?"

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, they say that.

MASTER OF DANCING. And to make a false step, can that come from anything but not knowing how to dance?

M. JOURDAIN. That is true, and you are both right.

MASTER OF MUSIC. We wish to make you see the excellence and the usefulness of dancing and music.

M. JOURDAIN. I understand it all now.

MASTER OF MUSIC. Will you see what we have arranged for you?

M. JOURDAIN. Yes.

MASTER OF MUSIC. I have already said it is a little attempt which I made some time ago to express different passions in music.

M. JOURDAIN. Very well.

MASTER OF MUSIC. (*To the musicians*) Come, your song. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) You must imagine that they are dressed like shepherds.

M. JOURDAIN. Why always shepherds? One sees nothing but shepherds everywhere.

MASTER OF MUSIC. When one has people converse in music, it is necessary for verisimilitude that one adopt the pastoral style. The song has always been set apart for shepherds; and it is scarcely natural that prince and bourgeois should sing their passions.

M. JOURDAIN. Enough, enough. Let us hear.

SONG.

MASTER OF MUSIC. (*To the musicians*) Come, your song. (*To* M. JOURDAIN)

SHEPHERDESS.

A heart, alas, that's swayed by love,
With a thousand cares is torn;
Love languishes, Love weeps and sighs,
With passion-laden eyes.

'Tis better, I say, to be happy and free
Than live in misery;
'Tis better, I say, to be happy and free
Than suffer treachery.

SHEPHERD.

There is naught so sweet as tender love,
Which melts two hearts in one;
No joy there is without gracious love,
Of life love is the sun.

Empty life of love and all pleasure is flown;
There's no joy for one heart alone.
Empty life of love and all pleasure is flown;
There's no joy for one heart alone.

SHEPHERDESS.

Sweet would it be to come under love's law,
Could one find a faithful lover;
But where is he who ever saw
A faithful shepherd lover?

SHEPHERD.

I, I, to thee will faithful be
Forever and forever.

SHEPHERDESS.

Believe thee dear, alas I fear,
That can I never, never.

SHEPHERD.

My heart, dear maid, is wholly thine—
Do'st swear thou'rt mine forever?

SHEPHERD.

By all the Saints, if thou'lt be mine.

SHEPHERDESS.

Swear not by Saints, O never!

SHEPHERD.

I swear by all the Saints above——

SHEPHERDESS.

Then shalt thou have my love.

SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS.

I will be thine, thou shalt be mine,
And we will part, no never;
Thou shalt be mine, I will be thine,
We plight our troth forever.

Through wood and glade, in twilight shade,
We'll wander on forever;
Thy hand in mine, my hand in thine,
We'll part, we'll part, no never.

Through wood and glade, in twilight shade,
We'll wander on forever;
My hand in thine, thy hand in mine,
We'll part, we'll part, no never.

M. JOURDAIN. Is that all?

MASTER OF MUSIC. Yes, Monsieur.

MASTER OF DANCING. And now, will you see my entertainment? I have arranged the most exquisite movements and some of the most beautiful attitudes by which a dance can be varied.

M. JOURDAIN. Are the dancers also shepherds?

MASTER OF DANCING. As you please. Come!

(*The dancers are ushered in and execute a dance.*)

MASTER OF JOURDAIN. That is not bad.

MASTER OF MUSIC. When the dance is accompanied by music the effect will be better; you will see something elegant in the little ballet we have prepared for you.

M. JOURDAIN. That is to be given soon, I hope; the person for whom I have had all this prepared is to do me the honor of dining here very soon.

MASTER OF MUSIC. But this is not enough, Monsieur; a person magnificent as you are and with your taste for beautiful things, should have a musical concert at his home every Wednesday or Thursday.

M. JOURDAIN. Do people of quality have these?

MASTER OF MUSIC. Yes, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. I will have them then. Will they be elegant?

MASTER OF MUSIC. Assuredly. You must have three voices: a soprano, an alto and a bass. These must be accompanied by a cello, theorbo, and a harpsicord.

M. JOURDAIN. We must have a sea-trumpet. It is an instrument which pleases me and which is harmonious.

MASTER OF MUSIC. Leave all this to us, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. At least, do not forget to send the musicians to sing at the table.

MASTER OF MUSIC. They will be here, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. But above all, let the ballet be beautiful.

MASTER OF DANCING. You will be pleased with it; and among other things, there are to be certain minuets—which you will see.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah! the minuet, that is my dance; and I want you to see me dance it. Come, Master.

MASTER OF DANCING. A hat, Monsieur, if you please. (M. JOURDAIN *goes and takes the hat from his lackey and puts it on over his night-cap. The*

Master takes his hand and makes him dance to a minuet air which he sings) La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! In time, please. La, la, la, la, la, la—The right leg,—la, la, la, la—Do not move the shoulders so much—La, la, la, la. Both your arms seem crippled! Lift up your head. Point out your toes. La, la, la, la, la, la, la—Hold your body erect.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah! (*Out of breath*)

MASTER OF MUSIC. Well done, well done, Monsieur!

M. JOURDAIN. By the way, teach me how one should bow to a Marquise. I shall need to do so soon.

MASTER OF DANCING. A bow to a Marquise?

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, a Marquise whose name is Dorimène.

MASTER OF DANCING. Give me your hand.

M. JOURDAIN. No, you have only to do it; I will remember it very well.

MASTER OF DANCING. If you wish to salute her with much respect, you must first make a bow backwards, and then step towards her with three reverences forward; and at last lower yourself to your knees.

M. JOURDAIN. Do it, please; show me how.

(MASTER OF THE DANCE *performs these bows.*)

M. JOURDAIN. Good.

LACKEY. Monsieur, your Master of Fencing.

M. JOURDAIN. Let him enter. (*To* MASTER OF DANCING *and* MASTER OF MUSIC) I want you to stay and see me take my fencing lesson.

(*Enter* FENCING MASTER.)

FENCING MASTER. (*The lackeys bring the foils and the* FENCING MASTER *hands them to* M. JOURDAIN) Come, Monsieur, salute. Your body

erect. Lean slightly on the left thigh. The legs not so far apart. Your feet on the same line. Your sword opposite your shoulders. Don't hold your arms so stiff. The left hand above the eye. Left shoulder square. Head erect. Eyes firm. Lunge. Body erect, steady. Touch my sword *en quarte,* and finish in the same way. One, two, recover; firm foot. Leap back. Body well back when you make a thrust, and sword thrust out. One; two, ready *en tierce,* again. Advance. Steady. Advance. Steady. Advance from this front—one, two. Recover. Repeat: leap back, parry Monsieur, parry.

M. JOURDAIN. Oh.

MASTER OF MUSIC. You do that marvelously well.

MASTER OF FENCING. I have already told you, the secret of fencing consists in only two things: to give and not to receive; and, as I made you see the other day by practical demonstration, it is impossible for you to receive a stroke if you know how to turn the sword of your enemy from the line of your body; and that depends only on a little movement of the wrist inside and outside.

M. JOURDAIN. In that way a man with no courage at all is sure of killing his enemy without being killed?

MASTER OF FENCING. It is in this that one sees our importance in the state, and how far the science of arms excels all the other useful sciences, such as dancing and music.

MASTER OF DANCING. Beautiful, Monsieur, drawer-of-arms, speak of dancing with respect, pray.

MASTER OF MUSIC. Learn, I pray you, to speak better of music!

MASTER OF FENCING. You are ridiculous, to wish to compare your sciences with mine.

MASTER OF DANCING. Behold the ridiculous animal with his pad!

MASTER OF MUSIC. Behold a little man of importance!

MASTER OF FENCING. My little dancing master, I will make you dance in the latest style. And you, my little musician, I will make you sing in a beautiful manner.

MASTER OF DANCING. Monsieur, beater of iron, I will teach you your business.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MASTER OF DANCING) Are you mad, to quarrel with a man who understands the *tierce* and the *quarte,* and who knows how to kill a man by practical demonstration?

MASTER OF DANCING. I scorn his practical demonstration, and his *tierce* and his *quarte!*

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MASTER OF FENCING) —Softly, I pray you.

MASTER OF FENCING. (*To* MASTER OF DANCING) How? Impudence!

M. JOURDAIN. He! My master of Fencing?

MASTER OF DANCING. (*To* MASTER OF FENCING) How? Great coach-horse?

M. JOURDAIN. Ho! Master of the dance.

MASTER OF FENCING. If I throw myself on you!

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MASTER OF FENCING) Softly.

MASTER OF DANCING. If I lay my hands on you!

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MASTER OF DANCING) Gently.

MASTER OF FENCING. I'll comb you down in a way——

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MASTER OF FENCING) I implore you!

MASTER OF DANCING. I will thrash you in a way that——

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MASTER OF DANCING) I beseech you!

MASTER OF MUSIC. Let us teach him how to talk.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MASTER OF MUSIC) My Heavens, stop!

(*Enter* MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY *with great dignity.*)

M. JOURDAIN. Hello! Master Philosopher, you are just in the nick of time with your philosophy. Come and make peace between these people.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. How? What is it, gentlemen?

M. JOURDAIN. They are quarreling about their professions; they have said hard things to each other and are about to come to blows.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Ah, indeed, need one get out of temper in this way? and have you never read the treatise Seneca has composed on *ANGER?* Is anything more debasing or shameful than that passion, that makes a ferocious beast of a man? Ought not reason to be the mistress of all our actions?

MASTER OF DANCING. But, Monsieur, he comes here and insults us by decrying dancing and music!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. A wise man is above any insult which may be addressed to him; and the best reply that one can make to outrages is moderation and patience.

MASTER OF FENCING. They are both audacious in wishing to compare their professions to mine!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Is it necessary for you to get stirred up about it? It is not over vainglory and social position that men ought to wrangle. That which distinguishes one from the other is wisdom and virtue.

MASTER OF DANCING. I maintained to him (*Indicating* M. JOURDAIN) that dancing is a science to which one cannot pay enough honor.

MASTER OF MUSIC. And I, that music of all the sciences, is the one which the ages have revered.

MASTER OF FENCING. And I, I maintain to both, that the art of fencing is the most beautiful and necessary of all the arts.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. And what then must

Philosophy be! You are all very impertinent to speak in my presence with such arrogance, and to give the name of science to those things which should not be so honored even with the name of arts, and which can be included only under the head of the miserable calling of the gladiator, the fiddler and the juggler.

MASTER OF FENCING. Idiotic philosopher!

MASTER OF MUSIC. Go! rascal pedant!

MASTER OF DANCING. Go! knave!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. How! rascals! (*The philosopher throws himself upon the other men, and all three strike him*).

M. JOURDAIN. (*Trying to make peace*) Master philosopher!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Scoundrels! villains!

M. JOURDAIN. Master philosopher!

MASTER OF FENCING. Plague take the animals!

M. JOURDAIN. Gentlemen!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Insolent—!

M. JOURDAIN. Master philosopher!

MASTER OF DANCING. Deuce take the stupid ass!

M. JOURDAIN. Gentlemen! Stop!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Beggars! Traitors! Impostors!

M. JOURDAIN. Master philosopher! Master philosopher! Gentlemen!

(MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY, MASTER OF MUSIC, MASTER OF DANCING, *and* MASTER OF FENCING, *go out, still quarrelling.*)

M. JOURDAIN. Oh! beat each other as much as you please, I can't help it, and I am not going to spoil my robe to separate you. I should indeed be a fool to thrust myself among you and catch a blow that would hurt me.

(*Re-enter* MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY, *arranging his*

collar. M. JOURDAIN *tells the lackeys to put the table and chairs in place.*)

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Come, your lesson.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah, my dear Monsieur, I am sorry you have been so maltreated.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. That is of no consequence. A philosopher knows how to accept such things in a proper spirit. I am going to compose a satire on them in the style of Juvenal, which will riddle them in fine fashion. But never mind that: what is it you wish to learn?

M. JOURDAIN. All that I can, for I have every desire in the world to become learned; I am incensed that my father and mother did not make me study all the sciences when I was young.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. That sentiment is reasonable, *Nam, sine doctrina, vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand that,—you know Latin, of course?

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, but imagine that I don't. Tell me what the words mean.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. They mean: "Without science, life is almost an image of death."

M. JOURDAIN. The Latin is right.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Have you not some principles, some foundation or beginnings of the sciences?

M. JOURDAIN. (*With great satisfaction*) Oh! yes, I can read and write.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Where do you wish to begin? Would you like to have me teach you logic?

M. JOURDAIN. Logic? What is logic?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Logic teaches the three operations of the mind.

M. JOURDAIN. And what are the three operations of the mind?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. The first, the second and the third. (*Pause.*) The first is to conceive by

means of the universal; the second is to judge by mean of categories; and the third is to draw conclusions by means of the syllogism—Celarent, *Darii, Ferio, Baralipton, Barbara,* etc.

M. JOURDAIN. These words are too barbarous. Logic doesn't suit me. Let us learn something else that's pleasanter.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Would you like to learn ethics?

M. JOURDAIN. Ethics?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Yes.

M. JOURDAIN. What is Ethics?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. It treats of happiness, teaches men to moderate their passions and——

M. JOURDAIN. No, not that. I am passionate and irrascible as all the devils, and that would be of no use. I want to fly into a rage as often as I like.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Perhaps you would like to learn Physics?

M. JOURDAIN. What is Physics?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Physics is the science which explains the principles of all natural phenomena and the properties of bodies; which treats of the nature of the elements, of metals and minerals, rocks, plants and animals, and teaches us the causes of all the meteors, the rainbow, lightning, thunder, rain, snow, hail, winds and tornadoes.

M. JOURDAIN. There is too much hurly-burly about that; too much confusion.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. What, then, would you have me teach you?

M. JOURDAIN. (*Leaning eagerly toward the Philosopher*) Will you teach me orthography?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Very willingly.

M. JOURDAIN. Afterwards you may teach me the almanac; so that I may know when there is a moon, and when not.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Very well. In order to follow your thoughts and treat the subject in a

philosophical way, it is necessary to begin according to the order of things, by an exact knowledge of the letters and the different ways of pronouncing them. And to that end I must tell you that letters are divided into vowels, so called because they are sounded by the voice; and consonants, thus called because they are sounded with the vowels and are not pronounced by distinct articulations of the voice. There are five vowels:—a, e, i, o, u.

M. JOURDAIN. (*With eager delight*) I understand all that.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. The vowel A is formed by opening the mouth wide: A.

M. JOURDIAN. A, A—Yes.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. The vowel E is formed by drawing the jaw up somewhat, and partly closing the mouth: A, E.

M. JOURDAIN. A, E—A, E. Ah! How wonderful!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. The vowel I, by dropping the jaw still more than for the A, and rounding the corners of the mouth a little forward, A, E, I.

M. JOURDAIN. A, E, I, I, I, I, That is true. Long live science!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. The vowel O is formed by opening the mouth wide and rounding the lips forward: O.

M. JOURDAIN. O, O, nothing could be more correct! A, E, I, O, I, O, that is admirable! I, O, I, O.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. The opening of the mouth is just like a little circle which represents O.

M. JOURDAIN. O, O, O! You are right, O. Ah! What a fine thing it is to know something!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. The vowel U is formed by bringing the teeth close to each other without allowing them to close: U.

M. JOURDAIN. There is nothing more true: U.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Your lips are drawn backward as if you were making a mouth; whence it comes that if you wish to mock someone you have only to say to him, U. To-morrow we will study the other letters, the consonants.

M. JOURDAIN. Is there something curious about them, too?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Most assuredly. The consonant D, for example, is pronounced by striking the tip of the tongue above the upper teeth: da.

M. JOURDAIN. Da, Da. Yes Ah! Marvelous! Wonderful!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. F, by placing the upper teeth over the lower lip: Fa.

M. JOURDAIN. Fa, Fa. That is true! Ah, my father and my mother, how I blame you!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. And the R by placing the tip of the tongue high up on the palate in such a way that being set into vibration by the air which escapes with force, it yields to it and always returns to the same place, making a kind of treble: R, Ra, R, Ra.

M. JOURDAIN. R, R, Ra, R, R, R.—That is true. Ah! what a clever man you are! R, R, R, Ra.—How much time I have lost!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. I shall explain all these peculiarities in detail.

M. JOURDAIN. I pray you, do. And now I must tell you a secret. I am in love with a woman of quality, and I want you to help me write her a little note which I shall drop at her feet.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Very well.

M. JOURDAIN. It will be gallant, will it not?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Without a doubt. Do you wish to write a poem to her?

M. JOURDAIN. No, no, no; not poetry!

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. You are only going to write prose?

M. JOURDAIN. No, I don't want prose—and I don't want poetry.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. It must be one or the other.

M. JOURDAIN. Why?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. For the simple reason, Monsieur, that there is no way to express one's self except in poetry or prose.

M. JOURDAIN. There is nothing but prose and poetry?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Nothing. All that is not prose is poetry, and all that is not poetry is prose.

M. JOURDAIN. And when one speaks, what is that?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. That is prose.

M. JOURDAIN. What! when I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers and give me my night-cap," is that prose?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Yes, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. By my faith, I have spoken prose for more than forty years without knowing it! I am greatly obliged to you for teaching me this. I should like, then, to say in the letter: "Beautiful Marquise, your beautiful eyes make me to die of love;" but I want it expressed in a gallant manner, I wish to have the sentence well turned.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Write: "The fires of your eyes reduce my heart to cinders; I suffer night and day with the intensity of a——"

M. JOURDAIN. No, no, no, I don't want all that; I want only what I have told you; "Beautiful Marquise, your beautiful eyes make me to die of love."

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. It would be well to embellish this a little.

M. JOURDAIN. No, I tell you, I wish only these words in the note; but prettily turned, arranged in the best possible way. I beg you to repeat them to

me in various ways so that I may hear how they sound.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. One could say first: "Beautiful marquise, your beautiful eyes make me to die of love." Or "Of love die, make me, beautiful marquise, your beautiful eyes." Or "Your eyes beautiful with love make me, beautiful marquise, die." Or again: "Die, your beautiful eyes, beautiful marquise, of love me make."

M. JOURDAIN. But of all these ways, which is the best?

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. Your way: "Beautiful marquise, your beautiful eyes make me to die of love."

M. JOURDAIN. And yet I have never studied, and I did that at the first stroke! I thank you with all my heart, and I pray you come early to-morrow.

MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY. I shall not fail you. (*The* MASTER OF PHILOSOPHY *goes out*)

(M. JOURDAIN *rings, and a moment later a lackey enters.*)

M. JOURDAIN. (*To his Lackey*)—My coat has not come yet, has it?

LACKEY. No, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. That confounded tailor keeps me waiting all day! And I have so much to attend to! I am furious. May the fever and ague seize this tyrant of a tailor! To the devil with him! May the plague stifle him! If I had hold of him now, this detestable tailor, this dog of a tailor, this traitor of a tailor, I——

(*Enter the tailor and a boy.*)

M. JOURDAIN. Ah! here you are! I was just about to get angry at you.

TAILOR. I could not come earlier. I had twenty apprentices at work on your coat.

M. JOURDAIN. You sent me some silk stockings that I could scarcely get on, and some of the threads are already broken.

TAILOR. They will soon stretch and be large enough.

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, if I always break the stitches. And you have sent me slippers that pinch terribly.

TAILOR. Not at all, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. What! not at all?

TAILOR. No, they do not pinch you at all.

M. JOURDAIN. I tell you, they do pinch. Do you think I have wooden toes?

TAILOR. You only imagine it.

M. JOURDAIN. You give me credit for too much imagination.

TAILOR. There is the handsomest of court coats, as artistic as possible. It is a master-stroke to have invented such a dignified coat. I'll give the cleverest tailor six chances to equal it.

M. JOURDAIN. What is this. You have turned the flowers up-side-down!

TAILOR. You did not say you wished them otherwise.

M. JOURDAIN. Are such orders necessary?

TAILOR. Yes, to be sure. All people of quality wear the flowers up-side-down.

M. JOURDAIN. People of quality wear them up-side-down?

TAILOR. Yes, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. Very well, then.

TAILOR. If you wish, I will have them changed.

M. JOURDAIN. No, no.

TAILOR. You have only to say the word.

M. JOURDAIN. No, I tell you; you have done very well. Do you think the coat will fit me?

TAILOR. What a question! I defy a painter with his brush to make a closer fit. I have in my business an apprentice who has the greatest genius in the

world for getting up a court coat that is artistic and which fits perfectly.

M. JOURDAIN. And the wig and plumes, are they all right?

TAILOR. They are just as they should be.

M. JOURDAIN. (*Looking at the tailor's coat*)—Ah! ah! Monsieur, this coat is made of cloth from the last suit you made for me. I recognize it very well.

TAILOR. Yes, the cloth seemed to me so good that I wanted a coat of it for myself.

M. JOURDAIN. Indeed, but you should not have used my cloth for it!

TAILOR. Will you put on your coat.

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, give it to me.

TAILOR. Wait, not that way. I have brought an apprentice with me to dress you in the proper manner; this kind of coat must be put on with ceremony. (*To his apprentice*) Put this coat on Monsieur in the manner that you do the same service for people of quality. (*The boy puts the coat on with great ceremony*)

APPRENTICE. Monsieur, give me some money for drink, if you please.

M. JOURDAIN. What is it you call me?

APPRENTICE. My lord!

M. JOURDAIN. My lord! See what it is to dress like a man of rank. If you always dress like a tradesman, no one will ever call you my lord!

APPRENTICE. Monseigneur, I am greatly obliged to you.

M. JOURDAIN. Monseigneur! Oh! Oh! Monseigneur! Wait, my friend: Monseigneur deserves something; it is not a little word. Here, this is what Monseigneur gives you.

APPRENTICE. Monseigneur, we are going to drink to the health of Your Highness.

M. JOURDAIN. Your Highness! Oh! Oh! Oh! You shall not go away. To me, Your Highness:

(*To himself*) My faith! if he goes to Your Majesty, he will have the whole purse. (*Aloud*) There, this for "My Highness."

APPRENTICE. Monseigneur, I thank you most humbly for your liberality.

CURTAIN.

(*Molière introduces four tailor's apprentices instead of one and closes this act with a dance by the four boys. The simpler way, with one boy, is better for a modern audience, perhaps.*)

ACT II.

SCENE:—*Same as in* ACT I.

(*Enter* M. JOURDAIN *followed by the two lackeys.*)

M. JOURDAIN. Follow me, while I show my costume in the town; and be very careful, both of you, to walk immediately behind me, so that every one may see that you belong to me.

LACKEY. Yes, Monsieur.

M. JOURDAIN. Call Nicole; I must give her some orders.—Never mind, here she is.

(*Enter* NICOLE.)

M. JOURDAIN. Nicole!

NICOLE. Here, Monsieur, what is it?

M. JOURDAIN. Listen.

NICOLE. (*Laughing*)—He, he, he, he, he!

M. JOURDAIN. What are you laughing at?

NICOLE. He, he, etc.

M. JOURDAIN. What do you mean?

NICOLE. He, he, he. How you are togged out! He, He.

M. JOURDAIN. What's the matter with you?

NICOLE. Ah! ha! Great Heavens! He, he, hi, hi, hi.

M. JOURDAIN. What an idiot! Are you making fun of me?

NICOLE. No, no, Monsieur, I should be sorry to do that. He, he, he, he, he!

M. JOURDAIN. I'll box your ears if you laugh any more.

NICOLE. Monsieur, I cannot help it. He, he, he, he, he, he.

M. JOURDAIN. Will you stop?

NICOLE. Monsieur, I ask your pardon; but you are so comical that I can't help laughing.

M. JOURDAIN. Did you ever hear of such insolence?

NICOLE. You look too funny that way! He, he, he.

M. JOURDAIN. —I—you——

NICOLE. I pray you, pardon me. He, he, he, he, he.

M. JOURDAIN. Stop! If you laugh again, I swear that I'll give your face the worst slap it ever had.

NICOLE. Ah, well, Monsieur, I'll laugh no more.

M. JOURDAIN. Take good care. You must get the house in order soon.

NICOLE. He, he, he!

M. JOURDAIN. You must see that everything is arranged in the best of order——

NICOLE. He, he!

M. JOURDAIN. Again?

NICOLE. (*Laughing*) Stop Monsieur, beat me, beat me, but let me laugh! That will do me more good. He, he, he, he!

M. JOURDAIN. I am furious.

NICOLE. Please, Monsieur, let me laugh. He, he, he.

M. JOURDAIN. If I catch you——

NICOLE. Monsieur—I shall b-bu-burst if I do not laugh! He, he, he!

M. JOURDAIN. Did anyone ever see such a fool! She laughs impudently in my face, instead of taking my orders!

NICOLE. What is it you want of me, Monsieur?

M. JOURDAIN. I want you to get the house ready for the company that will soon be here.

NICOLE. (*Recovering herself*) Ah! by my faith, I no longer want to laugh! Your company so upsets the house, that the word is enough to throw me into a bad humor.

(*Enter* MME. JOURDAIN.)

M. JOURDAIN. Am I to close my door to everyone for you?

NICOLE. You ought at least to close it to certain people.

MME. JOURDAIN. Ah! Ah! Here is a pretty affair! What have we here, husband? You make yourself most ridiculous, rigging yourself out in this way. Do you want everyone to make fun of you?

M. JOURDAIN. No one but fools, Madame Jourdain, would laugh at me.

MME. JOURDAIN. Indeed, they have done it before; for a long time your absurdities have been the butt of sensible people. I am scandalized at the life you lead. I no longer know our home. One would say that it was carnival time every day. This squeaking of violins, screaming and dancing, throw the whole neighborhood into a turmoil.

NICOLE. Madame is right. I can't keep the house in order with the gang of people you bring here. They track in mud from all parts of the city; and

poor François is almost worn to a rag waxing the floors that your dandy masters besmatter every day.

M. JOURDAIN. Good Heavens! Our servant Nicole has a well-sharpened tongue for a peasant.

MME. JOURDAIN. Nicole is right; she has better sense than you. I should like to know what you expect to do with a dancing master at your age?

NICOLE. And with a fencing-master who comes beating his feet, shaking the whole house and——

M. JOURDAIN. Be quiet, I say.

MME. JOURDAIN. Do you wish to learn to dance for the time when you have no legs?

NICOLE. Do you want to kill someone?

M. JOURDAIN. Keep still, I tell you, you are both ignoramuses, and don't know the advantage of such things.

MME. JOURDAIN. You ought rather to think of marrying your daughter; she is at an age to be provided for.

M. JOURDAIN. I shall think of marrying my daughter when a proper suitor presents himself, but I wish to think also of beautiful things.

NICOLE. I hear, Madame, that he has taken to-day, as an addition to his soup, a lesson from a master of philosophy.

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, I wish to develop my wit and learn how to converse with people of quality.

MME. JOURDAIN. You had better go one of these days to an academy to learn how to take a flogging.

M. JOURDAIN. Why not? Please God, may I have it now and know what they teach at college.

NICOLE. Yes, my faith, that would make his legs a better shape!

M. JOURDAIN. Without a doubt.

MME. JOURDAIN. All that is very necessary for the conduct of your affair.

M. JOURDAIN. Assuredly. You both talk like stupid people; I am ashamed of your ignorance.

For example, you do not know what you are saying just now.

MME. JOURDAIN. Yes, I know that what I say is sound commonsense, and that you ought to make up your mind to turn over a new leaf.

M. JOURDAIN. I do not mean that. I ask you, what are the words that you are saying?

MME. JOURDAIN. They are good, sensible words —and your conduct is scarcely that.

M. JOURDAIN. I don't mean that, I tell you! I ask what is it that you are speaking? What do I say to you now? What is it?

MME. JOURDAIN. Stupid nonsense!

M. JOURDAIN. No, not the matter, but the manner. What we both say, the language we talk now.

MME. JOURDAIN. Well?

M. JOURDAIN. What is it called?

MME. JOURDAIN. It is called whatever one wishes to call it.

M. JOURDAIN. It is prose, you stupid!

MME. JOURDAIN. Prose?

M. JOURDAIN. Yes prose. All that is prose is not verse, and all that is verse is not prose. See what it is to study? And you, (*To* NICOLE) do you know what you do when you say "U."

NICOLE. How? What?

M. JOURDAIN. What is it that you do when you say "U?"

NICOLE. What?

M. JOURDAIN. Say it for me.

NICOLE. Ah well; "U."

M. JOURDAIN. What do you do?

NICOLE. I say "U."

M. JOURDAIN. Yes; but when you say "U," what do you do?

NICOLE. I do what you tell me.

M. JOURDAIN. Oh! see what it is to be stupid! You press the lips backward against the teeth and

draw back the corners of the mouth. Do you see? "U." I make a mouth.

NICOLE. Yes, that is beautiful!

MME. JOURDAIN. Indeed it is admirable!

M. JOURDAIN. It's a much finer thing if you know how to make r-r-r——

MME. JOURDAIN. What's all this nonsense?

NICOLE. What's the use of all this gibberish?

M. JOURDAIN. It makes me angry to see such ignorant women!

MME. JOURDAIN. Come, you ought to send off all these people with their fantastic nonsense!

NICOLE. And especially that great hulk of a fencing-master, who fills the house with dirt.

M. JOURDAIN. Indeed! That fencing-master is very much on your mind. I will make you see how stupid you are in a moment. (*Business of fencing*) Behold: practical demonstration, the line of the body—! When one pushes *en quarte*, one has only to do this; and when one pushes *en tierce*, one has only to do this. This is the way to kill and never be killed. Isn't that splendid, to be assured of the result when one fights with his adversary?

NICOLE. What? (NICOLE *gives him several strokes*)

M. JOURDAIN. Beautiful! Hold! Oh! softly. The Devil take the wretch!

NICOLE. You told me to strike.

M. JOURDAIN. Yes; but you strike *en tierce* before I strike *en quarte* and you do not wait until I parry.

MME. JOURDAIN. You are a fool, Monsieur Jourdain, with all your foolish notions! and you have become this since you have taken it into your head to mix with the nobility.

M. JOURDAIN. When I visit the nobility, I show my good sense. It is far better than always being with common people.

MME. JOURDAIN. Very truly. You gain much by

hanging around snobbish aristocrats. You have done a fine business with M. le Comte, with whom you are infatuated.

M. JOURDAIN. Stop it! You don't know what you are saying. He is a person of greater importance than you think, a lord who stands well at court, and who talks with the king just as I talk with you. Is it not a great honor that he should come here so often and call me his "dear friend" and treat me as if I were his equal? He does me kindnesses beyond any you could guess, and compliments me before everyone,—to my confusion.

MME. JOURDAIN. Yes, he does you some favors and flatters you; but you lend him your money.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah! well! is not that an honor, to lend money to a man of his station? And could I do less for a gentleman who calls me his friend?

MME. JOURDAIN. And this gentleman, what does he do for you?

M. JOURDAIN. Things which would astonish you if you knew.

MME. JOURDAIN. What?

M. JOURDAIN. Oh, I cannot explain. It is enough to know that if I lend him money, he will return it to me, and with interest.

MME. JOURDAIN. Yes, you expect that?

M. JOURDAIN. Assuredly. Has he not promised?

MME. JOURDAIN. Yes, yes; but what of that——

M. JOURDAIN. He has sworn to me by his faith as a gentleman.

MME. JOURDAIN. All foll-de-roll!

M. JOURDAIN. You are very obstinate. I tell you that he will keep his word; I am sure of it.

MME. JOURDAIN. And I, I am sure that he will not, and that all his flattery is only intended to cajole you.

M. JOURDAIN. Be quiet. Here he is.

MME. JOURDAIN. This caps the climax! He

comes, I suppose, to make further loans—it nauseates me to see him!

M. JOURDAIN. Quiet, I tell you!

(*Exit* NICOLE. *Enter* DORANTE. *A* LACKEY *announces* DORANTE.)

DORANTE. My dear friend, Jourdain, how do I find you to-day?

M. JOURDAIN. Very well, Monsieur, and ready to offer you any little service.

DORANTE. And Madame Jourdain, how is she?

MME. JOURDAIN. Madame Jourdain is very well, I thank you.

DORANTE. Monsieur Jourdain, you are most elegant!

M. JOURDAIN. You see! Ah!

DORANTE. You look splendid in that costume. There are no young men at court who look better than you.

M. JOURDAIN. Indeed! Hm!

MME. JOURDAIN. (*Aside*) He flatters him in order to rob him.

DORANTE. Turn around. That is quite gallant!

MME. JOURDAIN. (*Aside*) Yes, as silly behind as before!

DORANTE. My faith M. Jourdain, I have been strangely impatient to see you. You are the man whom I esteem most highly in the world, and I was speaking of you only this morning in the King's presence.

M. JOURDAIN. You do me much honor, Monsieur. (*To* MADAME JOURDAIN) In the King's presence!

DORANTE. I am your debtor, as you know.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*Aside*) Yes, we know it only too well.

DORANTE. You have generously lent me money

on several occasions: and you have obliged me with the best grace in the world.

M. JOURDAIN. Monsieur, you are pleased to mock.

DORANTE. But I know how to return what is lent me, and how to repay favors.

M. JOURDAIN. I do not doubt it at all, Monsieur.

DORANTE. I wish to settle with you; and I have come here that we may figure up our account together.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) Ah well, see how impertinent you were, wife!

DORANTE. I am a man who likes to clear up his debts as soon as possible.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) I told you so.

DORANTE. Let us run over what I owe you.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) Now see? Your ridiculous suspicions!

DORANTE. You remember clearly, no doubt, all the money you have lent me?

M. JOURDAIN. I believe so. I have made a note of it. I gave you at one time two hundred louis.

DORANTE. That is true.

M. JOURDAIN. At another time a hundred and twenty.

DORANTE. Yes.

M. JOURDAIN. And at another time, a hundred and thirty.

DORANTE. You are right.

M. JOURDAIN. These three sums amount to four hundred and fifty louis, or five thousand and sixty livres.

DORANTE. Quite correct.

M. JOURDAIN. One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two livres to your feather-dealer.

DORANTE. Right.

M. JOURDAIN. Two thousand three hundred and

seventy-nine livres, twelve sols, eight deniers to your merchant.

DORANTE. Very good, twelve sols, eight deniers. The amount is correct.

M. JOURDAIN. And, one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight livres, seven sols, four deniers to your saddler.

DORANTE. All this is correct. What does it come to?

M. JOURDAIN. Sum total, five thousand nine hundred livres.

DORANTE. The sum total is correct; five thousand nine hundred livres. Just add two hundred pistoles that you will give me to-day; that will make just nineteen thousand francs that I will pay you at an early date.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) Eh, well! did I not know your man?

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) Hush!

DORANTE. It will not inconvenience you to let me have this?

M. JOURDAIN. Oh, no!

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) That man makes a milk-sop of you.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) Be still.

DORANTE. If this inconveniences you, I can look elsewhere.

M. JOURDAIN. No, Monsieur.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) He will never be satisfied until he has ruined you!

DORANTE. You have only to tell me if this embarrasses you.

M. JOURDAIN. Not at all, Monsieur.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) He is a genuine wheedler.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) Can't you hold your tongue?

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) He will rob you of your last sou!

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) Quiet, I say!

DORANTE. I have many friends who would gladly lend me this amount; but as you are my best friend, I thought that I would do you a wrong if I asked this favor of another.

M. JOURDAIN. You do me great honor, Monsieur; I shall go and get the money for you.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) What! you are actually going to lend it to him?

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) What can I do? You would not have me refuse a man of his station who spoke of me this morning in the King's presence!

MME. JOURDAIN. Go! You are a simpleton.

(M. JOURDAIN *goes out.*)

DORANTE. You seem very melancholy. What ails you, Madame Jourdain?

MME. JOURDAIN. You will please mind your own affairs!

DORANTE. Mademoiselle, your daughter, where is she? I do not see her any more.

MME. JOURDAIN. Mademoiselle, my daughter, is very well where she is, Monsieur.

DORANTE. How is she getting on?

MME. JOURDAIN. She gets on on her two legs.

DORANTE. Will you not bring her some day to the Court to see the ballet and the play?

MME. JOURDAIN. Yes, truly, we have good reason to laugh, very good reason to laugh!

DORANTE. I should think, Madame, that you must have had many lovers in your youth, charming and gracious as you are.

MME. JOURDAIN. My faith, Monsieur, is Madame Jourdain decrepit and does her head shake already?

DORANTE. Ah! Madame, I ask your pardon. I did not notice that you are still young; I am often

absent-minded. I pray you, excuse my impertinence.

(*Enter* M. JOURDAIN *and* NICOLE.)

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* DORANTE) Here are your two hundred pistoles.

DORANTE. I assure you, Monsieur Jourdain, I am wholly yours, and that I am eager to render you a service at the court.

M. JOURDAIN. I am deeply obliged to you.

DORANTE. If Madame Jourdain wishes to attend an entertainment at the royal palace, I shall have the best seats in the hall reserved for her.

MME. JOURDAIN. Madame Jourdain is your humble servant!

DORANTE. (*Aside to* M. JOURDAIN) Our beautiful marquise, as I told you in my note, will soon be here for the ballet and the repast; and I have finally won her consent to accept the present which you sent to her by me.

M. JOURDAIN. Let us withdraw, where we cannot be heard.

DORANTE. It is a week since I saw you last, and I have not told you the news about the diamond which you gave me to present to her from you. I had infinite trouble in overcoming her scruples and persuading her to accept it; not until to-day did I succeed.

M. JOURDAIN. How did she like it?

DORANTE. Marvelously! And I am greatly deceived if the beauty of the jewel does not produce an admirable effect on her attitude toward you.

M. JOURDAIN. Please Heaven!

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* NICOLE) When he is once with that man he can never leave him!

DORANTE. I have made her appreciate the value of the present and the greatness of your affection.

M. JOURDAIN. These are, Monsieur, favors which overpower me. And I am in the greatest

confusion to see a person of your station humble himself by doing these things for me.

DORANTE. You are joking! Are friends prevented by such scruples from doing favors? Would you not do the same for me if the occasion presented itself?

M. JOURDAIN. Oh! assuredly, with all my heart.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* NICOLE) How his presence weighs on my shoulders!

DORANTE. As for me, I consider nothing where I can serve a friend; and when you honored me with your confidence and confessed to me the love which has taken possession of you for this charming marquise, at whose house I am a frequent visitor, I immediately offered to further your cause with her.

M. JOURDAIN. That is true. Your kindness quite overpowers me.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* NICOLE) Will he never leave?

NICOLE. They find each other very good company.

DORANTE. You are taking the right course to touch her heart. Women like above all things to have money spent on them; and your frequent serenades and bouquets, and especially the splendid diamond you sent her, speak to her more eloquently of your love than all the words you could possibly address to her.

M. JOURDAIN. There is no expense that I would not incur in order to find the way to her heart. A woman of quality has ravishing charms for me, and I would purchase her favor at any price.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* NICOLE) What can they find to talk so much about? Slip up to them and listen. (NICOLE *starts towards the two men*)

DORANTE. Soon you shall have the pleasure of seeing her, and your eyes shall have time for full satisfaction.

M. JOURDAIN. In order to be quite at liberty, I have arranged to have my wife dine with my sister, where she will remain for the evening—after dinner.

DORANTE. You have acted wisely, as your wife might have embarrassed us. I have given your orders to the cook and arranged for the music and dancing. The ballet is of my own invention and if my ideas are adequately carried out, I am sure that it will be found——

M. JOURDAIN. (*Seeing* NICOLE *and springing up and slapping her*) You are very impertinent! (*To* DORANTE) Let us withdraw, please.

(M. JOURDAIN *and* DORANTE *go out.*)

NICOLE. Faith, Madame, my curiosity has cost me dear; but I think there is something in the wind. They are talking about some affair where they do not wish you to be.

MME. JOURDAIN. It is not the first time, Nicole, that I have had suspicions about my husband. I am very much mistaken if he has not some love-affair. I shall leave no stone unturned to ferret it out. But, let us consider my daughter. You know Cléonte's love for her; he is a young man whom I thoroughly admire and approve, and I wish to aid his suit and give him Lucile if I can.

NICOLE. Indeed, Madame, I am most delighted to hear this, for if the master pleases you, the valet pleases me none the less; and I wish that our marriage might take place in the shadow of theirs.

MME. JOURDAIN. Run and tell Cléonte for me that he may come now so that we may together ask M. Jourdain's consent to his marriage with Lucile.

NICOLE. I will run, Madame, with joy; I could not receive a more agreeable command. (MME. JOURDAIN *goes out*) I am going, I think, to make several people happy. (*She goes out*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE:—*Same as earlier scenes.*

(*Enter* CLÉONTE *and* COVIELLE, *as though they had just come to* M. JOURDAIN'S *house. As they enter, ushered in by a* LACKEY, NICOLE *meets them, entering by another door.*)

NICOLE. Ah, here you are, just in time! I am a messenger of joy, and I come——

CLÉONTE. Away, perfidious one, do not tantalize me with your traitorous words!

NICOLE. Is it thus that you receive—?

CLÉONTE. Away, I say, and tell your faithless mistress that never in her life shall she abuse the too confiding Cléonte.

NICOLE. What is this, my poor Covielle? tell me what all this means!

COVIELLE. You poor Covielle, little wretch, get out of my sight and leave me in peace!

NICOLE. What? You are angry with me, too?

COVIELLE. Get out of my sight, I tell you, and do not speak to me! Never, so long as you live!

NICOLE. (*Aside*) Well, I never! What has piqued them both? This is a fine story to tell my mistress. (*She goes out*)

CLÉONTE. What, treat a lover in this way? And that the most faithful and passionate lover in the world?

COVIELLE. They have treated us both shockingly.

CLÉONTE. I show for a woman all the ardor and all the tenderness imaginable; I love nothing in the world but her; and I have only her in my soul. She is the object of all my desires, and all my joy.

I speak only of her, I dream only of her, I breathe only for her. My heart lives only in her. And behold the recompense of such devotion! I have gone two days without seeing her, which are to me two frightful centuries. I meet her by chance; my heart is transported at the sight of her; joy shines in my face; I fly with ravishment toward her; and the faithless one turns her eyes from me and passes abruptly as if she had never known me.

COVIELLE. And I have been treated in the same way.

CLÉONTE. Can any one find anything, Covielle, to equal the perfidy of the ungrateful Lucile?

COVIELLE. And that of the wretch Nicole?

CLÉONTE. After the many ardent sacrifices, sighs and vows that I have made to her charms!

COVIELLE. After the many services I have rendered her in the kitchen.

CLÉONTE. After the flood of tears I have poured out at her feet!

COVIELLE. And the hundreds of pails of water I have drawn from the well for her!

CLÉONTE. And the tender zeal that I have manifested to cherish her more than myself.

COVIELLE. And the unbearable heat I have suffered in turning the spit for her.

CLÉONTE. She flies from me in disdain.

COVIELLE. She turns her back upon me with impudence.

CLÉONTE. It is perfidy worthy the severest punishment!

COVIELLE. It is treason that merits a thousand chastisements!

CLÉONTE. Advise me, I pray you, never to speak to her again.

COVIELLE. Aye, sir, never!

CLÉONTE. Never make any excuses to me for the actions of the faithless woman!

COVIELLE. Never fear

CLÉONTE. No, I tell you, all the pleas you could make would be of no avail.

COVIELLE. Who dreams of defending her?

CLÉONTE. The count who visits her is attractive, perhaps, and I can well see that she is dazzled by the nobility. But honor demands that I prevent the infamy of her inconstancy; and I wish to take as many steps as she in the change towards which I see she is moving, and not leave her all the glory of jilting me.

COVIELLE. Well said! I agree with all your sentiments.

CLÉONTE. Stand by me and sustain me in my resolution against what love remains which could plead with me for her. Tell me all the evil you can of her; paint me a picture of her which will render her despicable and point out, in order to make her hateful to me, all the faults you can see in her!

COVIELLE. She, Monsieur; behold a pretty, affected woman, finely formed, but a foppish creature to inspire so much love. I see nothing in her but what is mediocre, and you will find a hundred girls who are more worthy of you. First, she has little eyes.

CLÉONTE. That is true, she has little eyes; but they are full of fire, they shine the brightest, they pierce the deepest of any in the world, they are the most captivating imaginable.

COVIELLE. She has a large mouth.

CLÉONTE. Yes, but there plays about it more grace than about any other mouth—it steals the heart. It is the most attractive, the most amorous in the world.

COVIELLE. As to her figure, she is not tall

CLÉONTE. No, but she is graceful and well-formed.

COVIELLE. She affects a carelessness in her speech and manner.

CLÉONTE. That is true, but she has grace in it

all; and her manners are engaging. They have I know not what charm in them, to insinuate themselves into the heart.

COVIELLE. As to her wit——

CLÉONTE. Ah, she has the finest and most delicate wit.

COVIELLE. Her conversation——

CLÉONTE. Her conversation is charming.

COVIELLE. She is too serious.

CLÉONTE. Do you like boisterous merriment, ever-bubbling gaiety? There is nothing sillier than women who laugh at every word.

COVIELLE. But she *is* capricious, more than any one in the world.

CLÉONTE. Yes, she is capricious. I agree with that, but everything is becoming to the beautiful. One overlooks all in the beautiful.

COVIELLE. Then it comes to this. I see that you wish to love her always.

CLÉONTE. I—I—I should rather die, and I am going to hate her as much as I love her.

COVIELLE. How can you if you find her so perfect?

CLÉONTE. It is in this that my vengeance will be the more terrible; in this I shall better see my strength of character: to hate her, to jilt her, however beautiful, however full of attractions, however amiable I may find her. Oh! Here she is!

(*Enter* LUCILE *and* NICOLE.)

NICOLE. (*To* LUCILE) As for me, I was utterly scandalized.

LUCILE. That is impossible, Nicole, what you just told me. But there he is!

CLÉONTE. (*To* COVIELLE) I will not even speak to her.

COVIELLE. I will imitate you.

LUCILE. What is the trouble, Cléonte? What ails you?

NICOLE. What is the matter with you, Covielle?
LUCILE. What ugly spirit possesses you?
NICOLE. What bad humor has seized you?
LUCILE. Are you dumb, Cléonte?
NICOLE. Have you lost your tongue, Covielle?
CLÉONTE. How despicable!
COVIELLE. How Judas-like!
LUCILE. I see well that the meeting a little while ago troubles you.
CLÉONTE. (*To* COVIELLE) Ah! They see what they have done.
NICOLE. Our greeting this morning has made them suddenly angry.
COVIELLE. They have guessed where the shoe pinches.
LUCILE. Is it not true, Cléonte, that this is the reason of your displeasure?
CLÉONTE. Yes, perfidious one, it is this, since I am forced to speak; and I tell you that you shall not triumph as you think with your infidelity; that I wish to be the first to break with you, and that you shall not have the pleasure of dismissing me. I shall doubtless have difficulty in conquering the love that I bear for you. That will cause me some grief. I shall suffer for a time. But I shall succeed, and I should rather be pierced through the heart than be weak enough to return.
COVIELLE. (*To* NICOLE) The same with me, Nicole.
LUCILE. Indeed, you make a great fuss over nothing. Let me tell you, Cléonte, why I avoided you this morning.
CLÉONTE. I will listen to nothing.
NICOLE. I want you to know, Covielle, what made us pass you so quickly.
COVIELLE. I will hear nothing.
LUCILE. This morning——
CLÉONTE. No, I tell you!

NICOLE. Learn that——
COVIELLE. No, traitor!
LUCILE. Hear that——
CLÉONTE. No!
NICOLE. Let me speak.
COVIELLE. I am deaf.
LUCILE. Cléonte!
CLÉONTE. My ears are sealed!
NICOLE. Covielle!
COVIELLE. Stop!
LUCILE. Listen.
CLÉONTE. Nonsense!
NICOLE. Hear me.
COVIELLE. Never!
LUCILE. One moment.
CLÉONTE. Not one!
NICOLE. A little patience.
COVIELLE. Ta-ra-la-la-la-la.
LUCILE. Two words.
CLÉONTE. No, all is over.
NICOLE. One word!
COVIELLE. Not a word!
LUCILE. (*Turning away*) Oh, well, since you will not listen, keep your ugly thoughts and do as you please.
NICOLE. If you *will* act that way, do just as you like.
CLÉONTE. (*To* COVIELLE) Let us hear their reason for our beautiful greeting.
LUCILE (*Moving away*) I do not wish to say anything more.
COVIELLE. Let us hear the little story.
NICOLE. No, I no longer want to tell you.
CLÉONTE. Tell me.
LUCILE. No, I have nothing to say.
COVIELLE. Explain to me——
NICOLE. I shall explain nothing.
CLÉONTE. Please!
LUCILE. No, I tell you! No.

COVIELLE. I pray you!
NICOLE. Not a word.
CLÉONTE. I beseech you.
LUCILE. Let me be!
COVIELLE. I conjure you.
NICOLE. Go away.
CLÉONTE. Lucile!
LUCILE. Leave me!
COVIELLE. Nicole!
NICOLE. Out of my sight!
CLÉONTE. In heaven's name!
LUCILE. I will say nothing.
COVIELLE. Speak to me.
NICOLE. Never.
CLÉONTE. Relieve my doubts.
LUCILE. No, I will do nothing of the kind.
COVIELLE. Heal my wounds.
NICOLE. No; I do not wish to!

CLÉONTE. Oh, well then, since you care so little to relieve my pain, and you justify your unworthy treatment of my passion, I am going away to die of love.

COVIELLE. And I shall follow in his steps!
LUCILE. Cléonte!
NICOLE. Covielle!
CLÉONTE. Hai?
COVIELLE. What do you want?
LUCILE. Where are you going?
CLÉONTE. I am going where I said.
COVIELLE. We are going away to die.
LUCILE. You are going away to die, Cléonte?
CLÉONTE. Yes, cruel one, since you wish it.
LUCILE. I—I wish you to die?
CLÉONTE. Yes, you wish it.
LUCILE. Who told you so?

CLÉONTE. Is it not to wish it to be unwilling to relieve my suspicions?

LUCILE. Is it my fault? If you had listened to me, would I not have told you that the slight of

which you complain was caused this morning by the presence of an old aunt who believes that the mere approach of a man dishonors a girl? Who perpetually reads us sermons on the subject, and who paints for us all men as devils from whom we should flee?

NICOLE. Behold the secret!

CLÉONTE. You are not deceiving me, Lucile?

COVIELLE. You are not putting up a job on us, Nicole?

LUCILE. There is nothing truer.

NICOLE. That is just how the matter stands.

COVIELLE. Shall we give in to them?

CLÉONTE. Ah! Lucile, how a word from you can allay the pain of my heart! And how easily is one persuaded by those whom he loves.

COVIELLE. How easily is one cajoled by these little devils of angels.

(*Enter* MME. JOURDAIN.)

MME. JOURDAIN. I am glad to see you, Cléonte; you are here at a fortunate time. My husband is coming. Take this opportunity to ask him for Lucile's hand.

CLÉONTE. Ah, Madame, how sweet that word is and how it flatters my desires! Could I receive a more pleasing command, a more precious favor?

(*Enter* M. JOURDAIN.)

CLÉONTE. I do not wish, Monsieur, to have anyone make the request for me which I have so long meditated. It touches me closely enough for me to make it myself. So without more ado, I shall say that the honor of being your son-in-law is a favor which I beg you to grant me.

M. JOURDAIN. Before making you any reply, Monsieur, I must ask you if you are a gentleman?

CLÉONTE. Monsieur, most people in my position would not hesitate long at that question. The term *gentleman* is used very lightly to-day; it is appropriated without a scruple, and the theft seems to be authorized by usage. But as for me, I confess I have delicate sentiments in this matter; all imposture seems to me unworthy of an honest man. I consider it cowardly to attempt to disguise the station in which, through the will of Heaven we are born, and to present ourselves before the world with a borrowed title. I was born of a father who held honorable offices, and I have served in the army for six years with distinction. I have a sufficiently large fortune to hold a passable rank in the world; but with all that, I do not wish to make pretentions to a name which others in my place would not hesitate to claim. Hence, I say to you frankly that I am not a gentleman.

M. JOURDAIN. Then, Monsieur, my daughter is not for you.

CLÉONTE. What is this?

M. JOURDAIN. You are not a gentleman; you shall not have my daughter.

MME. JOURDAIN. And what do you mean, pray, with your "gentleman?" Are we, Monsieur Jourdain, descendants of Saint-Louis?

M. JOURDAIN. Hold your peace, Madame Jourdain. I see what you are aiming at.

MME. JOURDAIN. Are we not both descendants of shopkeepers?

M. JOURDAIN. All slander, slander!

MME. JOURDAIN. Your father, was he not a merchant the same as mine?

M. JOURDAIN. Plague take the woman! She never lacks for a word. If your father was a merchant, so much the worse for him; as for mine, they are slanderers who say that of him. All I care to say to you is that I wish to have a gentleman for my son-in-law.

MME. JOURDAIN. Your daughter ought to have a husband who is suited to her, and it is better for her to marry an honest, rich and good-looking man of her own class than a beggarly, miserable gentleman!

NICOLE. That is true. There is a son of a gentleman in our village who is the awkwardest fellow and the silliest you ever saw.

M. JOURDAIN. Be quiet, impertinent girl! You always thrust yourself into the conversation. (*To* MADAME JOURDAIN) I have money enough for my daughter. I need look out only for position and title, and I wish to make her a marquise.

MME. JOURDAIN. A marquise?

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, a marquise.

MME. JOURDAIN. Alas! God help us!

M. JOURDAIN. My mind is made up.

MME. JOURDAIN. I shall never consent. These alliances with people above one's station are always miserably unhappy. I refuse to have a son-in-law who can reproach my daughter with her parents, or grandchildren that are ashamed to call me grandmother. If my daughter were to come to visit me in the grand turnout of a great lady and by any oversight fail to speak to someone in the neighborhood, people would not be slow to criticise her. "Do you see," they would say, "this Madame la Marquise who puts on such airs? She is the daughter of M. Jourdain, and was only too happy when a child to play the grown-up lady with us. She has not always been so high and mighty. Both her grandfathers sold cloth near the Gate of St. Innocent. They heaped up wealth, which they pay only too dearly for now, perhaps, in the next world —for one can scarcely become so rich and be honest." I say I will not have such gossip, and I *will* have a son-in-law, who feels indebted to me for my daughter and to whom I can say: "Sit down there and have dinner with me."

M. JOURDAIN. You have a small soul, to wish to remain always in your rut. Say no more. My daughter shall be a marquise, and if you say anything more, I'll make her a duchess. (M. JOURDAIN *goes out with great dignity and sternness*)

MME. JOURDAIN. Cléonte, do not lose courage. (*To* LUCILE) Follow me, my daughter, and say resolutely to your father that if you cannot have Cléonte, you will have no one.

(MADAME JOURDAIN, LUCILE *and* NICOLE *go out.*)

COVIELLE. You have made a mess of it with your fine sentiments.

CLÉONTE. Well? I have scruples on this point that can scarcely be overcome.

COVIELLE. You belittle yourself to deal seriously with such a man. Don't you see that he is mad? Can you afford to sacrifice yourself to his whims?

CLÉONTE. You are right; but I had no idea that one would have to give proofs of nobility in order to become son-in-law to Monsieur Jourdain.

COVIELLE. (*Laughing*) Ha! Ha! Ha!

CLÉONTE. What are you laughing at?

COVIELLE. At a good scheme that just came into my head, to fool the old man and win the daughter.

CLÉONTE. How?

COVIELLE. The idea is amusing.

CLÉONTE. What is it?

COVIELLE. A short time ago I saw a masquerade which will serve our purpose now excellently; we will perform it here and it will carry the day for us, trick the old man and win a wife for you. It smacks a little of his game, and might prove somewhat dangerous. But with Monsieur Jourdain one can chance it. He will enter into the nonsensical business with zest and play his rôle to perfection. I have the actors and the costumes all ready; only give me a free hand.

CLÉONTE. But tell me——

COVIELLE. I'll tell you the whole scheme. But let us go; here he comes.

(CLÉONTE *and* COVIELLE *go out; enter* M. JOURDAIN.)

M. JOURDAIN. What the devil is the matter with them? They have nothing to reproach me with but a love for the nobility; and to associate with aristocrats is my highest happiness. There is nothing but honor and civility with them. I would gladly have two fingers cut off of this hand to have been born a count or a marquis.

(*Enter a* LACKEY.)

LACKEY. Monsieur, here is Monsieur le Comte, accompanied by a lady.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah, gracious Heavens! I have some orders to give. Tell them I will come immediately. (M. JOURDAIN *goes out*)

(*Enter* DORIMIÈNE *and* DORANTE.)

LACKEY. Monsieur says he will be here immediately.

DORANTE. Very well.

DORIMIÈNE. I do not know, Dorante, but I fear that I am doing a very unconventional thing to allow myself to be taken by you into a house where I know no one.

DORANTE. What place would you have me choose, then, Madame, where my love may entertain you, since for fear of gossip you do not wish me to use either your house or mine?

DORIMIÈNE. You put me under obligations every day, Dorante, by forcing me to accept these too great testimonies of your love. I protest in vain; you overcome my resistance by a polite obstinacy that makes me yield sweetly to all that you wish. You began with frequent visits; these

you have followed up with declarations, then with serenades and presents. I have opposed all this, but you would not be rebuffed, and step by step you are overcoming my resolutions. Protest no longer has weight, and I fear that in the end I shall consent to this marriage, to which I am averse.

DORANTE. My faith, Madame, you ought already to be married. You are a widow and need consult no one. And I, I am master of myself, and love you more than my life. What prevents you from completing my happiness to-day?

DORIMIÈNE. My Heavens! Dorante, harmonious qualities are necessary if two people would live together happily; and the most reasonable people in the world often have difficulty in forming a union with which they are satisfied.

DORANTE. You trifle, Madame, to imagine so many difficulties; and the experience that you have had argues nothing against another marriage.

DORIMIÈNE. But I must always come back to this point; the expenses that you incur for my sake trouble me for two reasons: the one, that they place me under obligations to you more than I like; the other, that I am sure,—pardon me,—they must inconvenience you. And that I do not wish.

DORANTE. Ah, Madame! these are mere bagatelles, and it is not for that——

DORIMIÈNE. I know what I am saying; and among other things, the diamond which you forced me to accept is of a price——

DORIMIÈNE. Ah, Madame, I beg you do not lay so much stress on a thing which my love finds unworthy of you, and allow me—Ah! here is the master of the house.

(*Enter* M. JOURDAIN.)

M. JOURDAIN. A little farther, Madame. (M. JOURDAIN *makes the elaborate bows taught him by the* MASTER OF DANCING *in the first act.*)

DORIMIÈNE. What—?

M. JOURDAIN. One step, if you please.

DORIMIÈNE. What is this?

M. JOURDAIN. Draw back a little for the third.

DORANTE. Madame, Monsieur Jourdain knows the fashionable world.

M. JOURDAIN. Madame, it is for me a glory great indeed to see myself so fortunate as to be so happy as to have the good fortune, that you should have the bounty to accord me the grace to do me the honor of honoring me with the favor of your presence; and if I had also the merit of meriting a merit like yours, and if heaven—envious of my happiness—had accorded me—the advantage of seeming worthy—of these——

DORANTE. M. Jourdain, enough, enough! Madame is not pleased by grand compliments, and she knows that you are a man of culture. (*Aside to* DORIMIÈNE) He is a good bourgeois, ridiculous enough, as you see, in all his manners.

DORIMIÈNE. (*To* DORANTE) He is not intelligent enough to be embarrassed.

DORANTE. Madame, this is my best friend.

M. JOURDAIN. It is too much honor that you do me.

DORANTE. A gallant man with irreproachable manners.

DORIMIÈNE. I esteem him most highly.

M. JOURDAIN. I have done nothing as yet, Madame, to merit this kindness.

DORANTE. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) Take care, above all things, to say nothing to her about the diamond that you gave her.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* DORANTE) Can I not even ask her how she likes it?

DORANTE. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) By no means! That would be illbred; and in order to play the gallant man, you must pretend that it was not you who gave it to her. (*To* DORIMIÈNE) M. Jour-

dain, Madame, says that he is delighted to see you in his home.

DORIMIÈNE. He honors me too much.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* DORANTE) How deeply I am obliged to you, Monsieur!

DORANTE. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) I had difficulty in getting her to come here.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* DORANTE) I do not know how I can ever repay you.

DORANTE. He says, Madame, that he finds you the most beautiful person in the world.

DORIMIÈNE. He is indeed gracious.

M. JOURDAIN. Madame, it is you who are gracious, and——

DORANTE. Shall we not dine?

(LACKEYS *bring in table. Enter a* LACKEY.)

LACKEY. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) All is ready, Monsieur.

DORANTE. Come then. Let us take our places and send for the musicians.

DORIMIÈNE. Dorante, such a magnificent repast!

M. JOURDAIN. You are pleased to joke, Madame, I only wish that it were more worthy of you. (DORIMIÈNE, M. JOURDAIN, DORANTE *and the three musicians seat themselves at the table*)

DORANTE. M. Jourdain is right, Madame, to speak thus, and he puts me under obligations by doing so well the honors of the house. I agree heartily with him that the repast is not worthy of you. As it is I who ordered it, its success may be doubtful; and as M. Jourdain has well said, I could wish that the repast were more worthy of being offered to you.

DORIMIÈNE. I reply to such compliments only by eating heartily.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah! Madame, what beautiful hands!

DORIMIÈNE. Mediocre, M. Jourdain; but you mean perhaps the diamond; it is very beautiful.

M. JOURDAIN. I, Madame? God forbid my speaking of it! That would not be playing the gentleman; and the diamond is a very little thing.

DORIMIÈNE. You are fastidious.

M. JOURDAIN. You are too kind——

DORANTE. (*After having made a sign to M.* JOURDAIN)—Come, let us drink, M. Jourdain, to these musicians who are to do us the honor of singing for us.

DORIMIÈNE. The repast is marvelously seasoned: good-cheer mixed with music, and I am admirably entertained.

M. JOURDAIN. Madame, it is not——

DORANTE. M. Jourdain, pay attention, please, to the singers; their speech outweighs anything that we could say. (DORANTE *shows anxiety lest* M. JOURDAIN *should reveal that he had sent the* ring to DORIMIÈNE. *Music. Any convenient and suitable music may be introduced, vocal or instrumental*)

DORIMIÈNE. That was beautifully done; I do not think any one could sing better.

M. JOURDAIN. But here I see something, far more beautiful.

DORIMIÈNE. Ah! M. Jourdain is more gallant than I thought.

DORANTE. How, Madame, for what do you take Monsieur Jourdain?

M. JOURDAIN. I could wish, indeed, that she take me for that which I say——

DORIMIÈNE. Again!

DORANTE. (*To* DORIMIÈNE) You do not know him.

M. JOURDAIN. She will know me when it pleases her.

DORIMIÈNE. Oh! I yield in the game!

DORANTE. He is a man who always has the

right word. Do you not see, Madame, that M. Jourdain eats all the morsels that you touch?

DORIMÈNE. M. Jourdain delights me.

M. JOURDAIN. If I could touch your heart, I should be——

(*Enter* MME. JOURDAIN.)

MME. JOURDAIN. Ah, Ah! I find here good company, and I see, indeed, that you did not expect me! Is it for this beautiful affair, Monsieur, that you were so set on sending me to dine with my sister? I return to find a theater below, and I see here a banquet fit for a wedding. This is how you squander your fortune, and it is thus that you treat ladies in my absence, giving them music and a play while you send me out for an airing!

DORANTE. What say you, Madame Jourdain, and what are these ideas of yours? That your *husband* spends his money in such a manner and that it is *he* who thus entertains madame the Marquise? It is I, Madame; he only lends me his house. You ought to consider more carefully what you say.

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, impertinent creature, it is *Monsieur le Comte,* who gives all this to *Madame la Marquise,* who is a lady of rank. He does me the honor of using my house and of requesting the pleasure of my company.

MME. JOURDAIN. You are wasting your breath; I know what I know.

DORANTE. I pray you, Madame Jourdain, use better spectacles.

MME. JOURDAIN. I have no need of spectacles, Monsieur; I see clearly enough, and I am not a fool. It is very small of you, a great lord, to lend a hand as you do to the stupidities of my husband. And you, Madame, a great lady, it is neither kind nor honest of you to bring dissension into a home and allow my husband to make love to you.

DORIMIÈNE. What does this mean, Dorante? To expose me to the insults of this furious woman!

(DORANTE *goes out.*)

DORANTE. (*Following* DORIMIÈNE)—Madame, hola! Madame, where are you going?

M. JOURDAIN. Madame—*Monsieur le Comte,* make excuses to her, try to bring her back! You impertinent woman, see what you have done! You come and insult me before everyone and drive from me people of quality.

MME. JOURDAIN. I care nothing for their quality!

M. JOURDAIN. I do not know what keeps me from hurling at your head pieces of the repast which you have broken up.

(LACKEYS *carry out the table.*)

MME. JOURDAIN. I uphold my own rights, and every woman would support me in this.

M. JOURDAIN. You would do well to avoid my anger.

(MADAME JOURDAIN *goes out.*)

She came at a most unfortunate moment. I was in a mood for saying some pretty things—and I never had so much wit—who is this?

(*Enter* COVIELLE, *disguised as an old man.*)

COVIELLE. I do not know Monsieur whether I have the honor of being recognized by you?

M. JOURDAIN. No, Monsieur.

COVIELLE. I knew you when you were no higher than that. (*Measuring with his hand about two feet from the floor*)

M. JOURDAIN. Me?

COVIELLE. Yes, you were the most beautiful child in the world, and all the ladies would take you in their arms and kiss you.

M. JOURDAIN. And *kiss* me?

COVIELLE. Yes, I was a great friend of your late father.

M. JOURDAIN. Of my late father?

COVIELLE. Yes. He was a very honorable gentleman.

M. JOURDAIN. What is this you say?

COVIELLE. I say that he was a very honorable gentleman.

M. JOURDAIN. You knew him well?

COVIELLE. Assuredly.

M. JOURDAIN. And you knew him as a gentleman?

COVIELLE. Without a doubt.

M. JOURDAIN. What a topsy-turvey world this is!

COVIELLE. Indeed?

M. JOURDAIN. There are stupid people who tell me that he was a merchant.

COVIELLE. He a merchant? Slander; he was never a merchant. He was very obliging, and as he was a good judge of cloths, he selected them, had them brought to his home, and gave them to his friends for money.

M. JOURDAIN. I am delighted to know you, for you can bear witness that my father was a gentleman.

COVIELLE. I would affirm this before all the world.

M. JOURDAIN. You greatly oblige me.

COVIELLE. Since I knew your late father, an honest gentleman, as I have said, I have traveled through all the world.

M. JOURDAIN. Through all the world?

COVIELLE. Yes.

M. JOURDAIN. I think there must be long distances in that country?

COVIELLE. Assuredly. I returned from my long journey four days ago. And because of the interest I take in all that concerns you, I have come to make known to you the best news in the world.

M. JOURDAIN. What is it?

COVIELLE. You know that the son of the Grand Turk is in Paris?

M. JOURDAIN. I? No!

COVIELLE. What! He has a magnificent retinue. Everybody pays him homage, and he has been received as a potentate of great importance.

M. JOURDAIN. By my faith, I did not know that.

COVIELLE. And what concerns you directly is that he is in love with your daughter.

M. JOURDAIN. The son of the Grand Turk?

COVIELLE. Yes, he wishes to be your son-in-law.

M. JOURDAIN. My son-in-law, the son of the Grand Turk?

COVIELLE. The son of the Grand Turk, your son-in-law. As I know his language perfectly, he talked with me when I went to see him, and after making some other remarks, he said to me: "Acciam croc soler ouch alla moustoph gidelum amanahem varahini oussere carbulath?" That is to say: "Have you not seen a beautiful young girl who is the daughter of M. Jourdain, a Parisian gentleman?"

M. JOURDAIN. The son of the Grand Turk said that of me?

COVIELLE. Yes: and when I replied that I knew you especially well, and that I had seen your daughter, he said to me: "Ah! marababa sahem!" That is to say, "Ah! how deeply I am in love with her!"

M. JOURDAIN. "Marababa sahem" means: "Ah! how deeply I am in love with her!"

COVIELLE. Yes.

M. JOURDAIN. By my faith, you do well to tell me this, for I never should have believed that "Marababa sahem" could mean: "Ah! how deeply

I am in love with her!" What an admirable language Turkish is!

COVIELLE. More admirable than one can think. Do you know what "cacaracamouchen" means?

M. JOURDAIN. "Cacaracamouchen?" No.

COVIELLE. It means: "My dear heart."

M. JOURDAIN. "Cacaracamouchen" means, "My dear heart?"

COVIELLE. Yes.

M. JOURDAIN. How marvelous that is! "Ca-ca-ra-ca-mouchen," "My dear heart!" Would one ever think that? How wonderful!

COVIELLE. In short, to carry out my commission, he is coming to ask your daughter's hand in marriage. And that he may have a father-in-law who is worthy of him, he wishes to make you a "Mammamouchi;" that is, a certain dignitary of his country.

M. JOURDAIN. "Mammamouchi?"

COVIELLE. Yes, "Mammamouchi," that is to say in our language, paladin. Paladin—these are ancient—paladin, in short. There is no nobler title in the world, and you will be the peer of the greatest lords of the earth.

M. JOURDAIN. The son of the Grand Turk honors me much! I pray you take me to him that I may thank him.

COVIELLE. That is not necessary, for he is coming here.

M. JOURDAIN. He is coming here?

COVIELLE. Yes, and he will bring everything for the ceremony of conferring on you the title.

M. JOURDAIN. Indeed? He is very prompt.

COVIELLE. His love will suffer no delay.

M. JOURDAIN. All that embarrasses me is that my wife is obstinate and she insists on marrying our daughter to a certain Cléonte. She swears that Lucile shall marry no one else.

COVIELLE. She will change her mind when she

sees the son of the Grand Turk. Strange to say, he resembles Cléonte. I have just seen this Cléonte; someone pointed him out to me! The love your daughter bears for the one can easily be transferred to the other. I hear the son of the Grand Turk coming—here he is.

(*Enter* CLÉONTE, *dressed as a Turk, three pages carrying the train of his tunic.*)

CLÉONTE. Ambousahim aqui boraf, Jordina salama lequi.

COVIELLE. (*To* JOURDAIN) That is to say: "M. Jourdain, may your heart flourish all the year like a rose tree!" It is the fashion to speak in imagery in his country.

M. JOURDAIN. I am the very humble servant of his Highness the Turk.

COVIELLE. Corigar camboto oustin moraf.

CLÉONTE. Oustin yoc catamalequi basum base alla moran!

COVIELLE. He says: "May Heaven give you the strength of the lion and the wisdom of the serpent."

M. JOURDAIN. His Highness the Turk honors me too much and I wish him all kinds of prosperity.

COVIELLE. Ossa binamen sadoc babally oracaf ouram.

CLÉONTE. Bel-men.

COVIELLE. He says: "You are to go with him to prepare for the ceremony in order that he may see your daughter soon and conclude the arrangements for the marriage."

M. JOURDAIN. So many things in two words?

COVIELLE. The Turkish language is like that; it says much in a few words. Go quickly where he wishes.

(M. JOURDAIN *and* CLÉONTE *go out.*)

COVIELLE. Ha! Ha! Ha! My faith, this is a roaring good joke. What a fool! If he had learned his rôle by heart, he could not have had played it better. Ha! Ha!

(*Enter* DORANTE.)

COVIELLE. I pray you, Monsieur, will you kindly help with an affair which is to take place here?

DORANTE. Ha! Ha! Covielle, who would have recognized you? How you are tricked out!

COVIELLE. You know me. Ha! Ha! Ha!

DORANTE. What are you laughing at?

COVIELLE. At something well worth laughing at, Monsieur!

DORANTE. And what, pray?

COVIELLE. It would take many guesses, Monsieur, for you to find out the trick which we are playing on Monsieur Jourdain, to win his consent to the marriage of his daughter to my master.

DORANTE. I cannot guess the stratagem, but I can guess that it will not fail to have its effect, since you are managing it.

COVIELLE. I am sure, Monsieur, that M. Jourdain's stupidity is known to you.

DORANTE. Yes indeed. I have good reason to know it. Let me hear your scheme.

COVIELLE. If you please, let us withdraw a little to make way for the masqueraders. You can see a part of the story, while I tell you the rest! (*They withdraw*)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

TURKISH CEREMONY.

(*Six or eight men in Turkish costumes enter slowly and solemnly, holding high above their heads a large rug; they chant, to the accompaniment of weird music:*)

"Se ti sabir
Ti respondir;
Si non sabir,
Tazir, Tazir.

Mi star Muphti:
Ti qui star ti?
Non intendir:
Tazir, tazir."

(*As they finish the chant, they lower the rug to the floor and kneel upon it, three* (*or four*) *on each side. They are followed by* CLÉONTE *in the royal costume of a Turkish prince. As he passes to the front of stage over rug, the kneeling Turks make a salaam, throwing arms down and back, then bend over heads to floor, at same time bowing faces to floor.*)

(*They chant.*)
"Alla, Alla, Alla."

(*When* CLÉONTE *reaches front of stage, he chants:*)

"Dici, Turque, qui star quista,
Anabaptista? Anabaptista?"

(*The Turks respond, making salaam.*)

CLÉONTE. Zuinglisti.
TURKS. Ioc. (*Salaam*)
CLÉONTE. Coffita?
TURKS. Ioc. (*Salaam*)
CLÉONTE. Fromista.
TURKS. Ioc. Ioc. Ioc. (*Salaam*)
CLÉONTE. Ioc. Ioc. Ioc, star pagana?
TURKS. Ioc. (*Salaam*)
CLÉONTE. Lutherana?
TURKS. Ioc. (*Salaam*)
CLÉONTE. Puritana?
TURKS. Ioc. (*Salaam*)
CLÉONTE. Bramista? Moffina? Zurina?
TURKS. Ioc. (*Salaam*)
CLÉONTE. Ioc. Ioc. Ioc. Mohametana? Mohametana?
TURKS. Hai valla. Hai valla. (*Salaam*)
CLÉONTE. Como chamara? Como chamara?
TURKS. Giourdina, Giourdina, Giourdina.
CLÉONTE. Giourdina.

(*Two Dervishes lead* M. JOURDAIN *over the carpet between kneeling Turks, who salaam and chant Alla, Alla, Alla. They place him on his knees before the Prince. The Prince,* CLÉONTE, *chants:*)

"Mahameta per Giourdina,
Voler far un Paladina;
De Giourdina, de Giourdina,
Per deffender Palestina;
Mahameta per Giourdina,
Dar Turbanta, Edar scarina."

CLÉONTE. (*Puts turban on* M. JOURDAIN'S *head, strikes him with his own sword over shoulders and head, puts a sword in his hand, then turns to kneeling Turks*) Star bon Turca Giourdina?
TURKS. Hi Valla, Hi Valla. (*Salaams*)

(*The two Dervishes raise* M. JOURDAIN *from kneeling position and direct him so that he goes behind one row of kneeling Turks at back of stage and passes between the rows to front. Meantime the Turks rise and cross their sabers,* M. JOURDAIN *passes under them, while the Turks chant same as when they took places on stage. The second time* M. JOURDAIN *passes between these lines the Turks strike him with their swords, chanting:*)

Giourdina, Giourdina, Mohametana Mohametana,
or
Giourdina, Giourdina, Mamamouchi Mamaouchi.

(*The third time* M. JOURDAIN *passes between the lines, they chant:*)

Dara, dara,
Bastonara;
Dara, dara,
Bastonara,

and strike M. JOURDAIN *either with swords or with clubs.*)

(*The Dervishes have been, one on each side of the lines of Turks, directing* M. JOURDAIN *from time to time, and* CLÉONTE *has stood with quiet dignity well to the front on one side. He now meets* M. JOURDAIN *as he comes to front, stops him and turning to Turks, chants:*)

Non tener honta;
Questa star l'ultima affronta.

TURKS. Non tener honta;
Questa star l'affronta.

(*Then* CLÉONTE *escorts* M. JOURDAIN *between the lines of Turks, who kneel as he addresses them, and again make the salaam and chant:*)

Alla, Alla, Alla,

as CLÉONTE *and* M. JOURDAIN, *followed by the Dervishes, pass between them.* CLÉONTE, M. JOURDAIN, *and the Dervishes stop a moment while the Turks lift rug; all then march solemnly out, chanting:*)

Se ti sabir,
Ti respondir, etc.

(*As above.*)

(M. JOURDAIN *returns alone in same Turkish costume and is met by* MME. JOURDAIN *entering by another door.*)

MME. JOURDAIN. Gracious heavens! What have we here? A pretty figure, indeed! Is this carnival time? Tell me, what does this mean? Why are you decked out in this style?

M. JOURDAIN. What impertinence is this, to speak in such a manner to a *mamamouchi?*

MME. JOURDAIN. What's this?

M. JOURDAIN. I tell you I must be addressed with respect now; I have just been made a *mamamouchi.*

MME. JOURDAIN. What are you trying to say with your "mamamouchi?"

M. JOURDAIN. *Mamamouchi,* I say, I am a *mamamouchi.*

MME. JOURDAIN. What nonsense is this?

M. JOURDAIN. Mamamouchi, that means in our language Paladin.

MME. JOURDAIN. Baladin? Are you of an age to dance the ballet?

M. JOURDAIN. What ignorance! I am a Paladin; this is a dignity that has just been conferred on me by an imposing ceremony.

MME. JOURDAIN. And what ceremony, pray?

M. JOURDAIN. *Mahameta per Jourdina.*

MME. JOURDAIN. What are you trying to say?

M. JOURDAIN. *Giourdina,* that is to say Giourdain.

MME. JOURDAIN. Ah, well! What, Jourdain?

M. JOURDAIN. Star bon Turca Giourdina.

MME. JOURDAIN. What *are* you saying?

M. JOURDAIN. Voler far un paladina de Giourdina.

MME. JOURDAIN. How?

M. JOURDAIN. Mahameta per Giourdina.

MME. JOURDAIN. Mercy on us! What does he mean?

M. JOURDAIN. Per deffender Palestina.

MME. JOURDAIN. Such nonsense!

M. JOURDAIN. Dara, dara, bastonara.

MME. JOURDAIN. What's all this jargon?

M. JOURDAIN. Non tener honta, questa star l'ultima affronta.

MME. JOURDAIN. What's all this about?

M. JOURDAIN. (*Singing and dancing*) Hou la bu ba la chou ba la ba ba la da.

MME. JOURDAIN. Alas, gracious Heavens, my husband is mad!

M. JOURDAIN. Peace, insolent woman. Pay respect to Monsieur le Mamamouchi. (*He leaves with an affected pride and dignity*)

MME. JOURDAIN. (*Alone*) Has he lost his mind? I must run and prevent him from going out. (*Seeing* DORANTE *and* DORIMÈNE) Ah, ah! I see nothing but misery on all sides. (*She goes out*)

(*Enter* DORANTE *and* DORIMÈNE.)

DORANTE. Yes, Madame, you will see here a most amusing thing; I do not think it would be possible to find a man more foolish than he. And then, Madame, we ought to help Cléonte in his little love-affair by supporting his masquerade. He is a splendid young fellow and worthy of any interest we may manifest in him.

DORIMIÈNE. I am deeply interested in this affair. Cléonte deserves all success.

DORANTE. Besides, we have here, Madame, a ballet which is due us, and which we ought not to miss. I want to see if my ideas are well worked out.

DORIMIÈNE. I have seen here some magnificent preparations; and these are the things, Dorante, which I can no longer allow. Yes, I am at last going to put an end to your extravagances. In order to prevent further expenses for me, I have resolved to marry you immediately. This is the right course, for marriage ends all these lavish expenditures.

DORANTE. Ah, Madame! Is it possible that you have at last made this sweet resolution?

DORIMIÈNE. It is to prevent you from ruining yourself. For I see very well that if I did not consent to this marriage you would soon be without a sou.

DORANTE. I am under deep obligations to you, Madame, for your concern about my purse. It is wholly yours, as is my heart; and you shall use it in any way that you choose.

DORIMIÈNE. I shall use them both well, Dorante. But here is M. Jourdain. His appearance is admirable.

(*Enter* M. JOURDAIN *in masquerade costume.*)

DORANTE. Monsieur, we have come, Madame and I, to do homage to your new dignity, and to

rejoice with you over the marriage you are about to arrange between your daughter and the son of the Grand Turk.

M. JOURDAIN. (*After making three salaams*) Monsieur, may you have the strength of serpents and the prudence of lions.

DORANTE. I am anxious to be the first, Monsieur, to congratulate you upon the high degree of glory to which you have attained.

M. JOURDAIN. Madame, may you flourish all the year like the rose-tree. I am infinitely obliged to you for your interest in my new honor. And I am rejoiced to see you here again in order that I may make very humble apologies for my wife's behavior.

DORANTE. It is of no consequence. I can excuse her indignation. Your heart must be very precious to her; and it is not strange that the possession of a husband such as you should inspire some alarm.

M. JOURDAIN. The possession of my heart is a thing which you have wholly acquired.

DORANTE. You see, Madame, that M. Jourdain is not one of those whom prosperity renders blind; and that he knows in his glory how to recognize his friends.

DORIMÈNE. It is the expression of a truly generous soul.

DORANTE. Where is his Highness the Turk? We should like, as your friends, to pay our respects to him.

M. JOURDAIN. Here he comes, and I have sent for my daughter in order to give him her hand.

(*Enter* CLÉONTE *at the back.*)

DORANTE. (*To* CLÉONTE) Monsieur, we have come to do homage to your Highness as friends of your father-in-law, and to offer you our very humble services.

M. JOURDAIN. Where is the interpreter? I want to tell him who you are, and to make him understand what you say! You will see how he will reply to you; he speaks Turk marvelously well. Hola! Where in the devil has he gone! (*To* CLÉONTE) Strouf, strif, strof, straf. Monsieur is a *grande segnore, grande segnore, grande segnore,* and madame a *granda dama, granda dama, granda dama.* Ahi! (*To* CLÉONTE, *pointing to* DORANTE) he, Monsieur, he *mamamouchi français,* and madame *mamamouchie française.* I cannot speak more clearly. Good, here is the interpreter.

(*Enter* COVIELLE *disguised.*)

M. JOURDAIN. Where have you been? We could not say anything without you. (*Pointing to* CLÉONTE) Tell him that Monsieur and Madame are persons of high rank, who have come to do him reverence as my friends and to offer him their services.

COVIELLE. *Ala-bala crociam acci boram ala-ba'men.*

CLÉONTE. *Catale-qui tubal ourin soter amal-ouchan.*

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* DORANTE *and* DORIMIÈNE) You see?

COVIELLE. He says: "May the rain of prosperity ever moisten the garden of your family."

M. JOURDAIN. I told you he speaks Turk.

DORANTE. It is wonderful!

(*Enter* LUCILE, *left; goes to* M. JOURDAIN. *Later* CLÉONTE *moves around to stand by her.*)

M. JOURDAIN. Come, my daughter, and give your hand to Monsieur, who does you the honor of asking for you in marriage.

LUCILE. Why, Father! Why, how you are made up! Are you playing a comedy?

M. JOURDAIN. No, no; it is not a comedy, it is a very serious affair, and one full of honor for you. Here is the husband to whom I shall give you.

LUCILE. Me, Father?

M. JOURDAIN. Yes, you. Come, give him your hand, and return thanks to Heaven for your good fortune.

LUCILE. But I do not wish to marry.

M. JOURDAIN. I wish it, I, who am your father.

LUCILE. It is impossible, I——

M. JOURDAIN. Ah, what an ado; come I tell you. Here, your hand!

LUCILE. No, my dear Father; I have told you that I can marry no one but Cléonte, and I am resolved to suffer all extremities rather than—(*Recognizing* CLÉONTE) It is true—that you are my father—I owe you entire obedience, and it lies with you to dispose of me according to your wish.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah! I am delighted to see you recognize your duty so promptly. See what it is to have an obedient daughter.

(*Enter* MME. JOURDAIN.)

MME. JOURDAIN. How is this? What do I see here? They tell me that you wish to give your daughter in marriage to a carnival-masker.

M. JOURDAIN. Will you be quiet, impertinent creature? You always interfere, with your extravagant notions; and there is no way to teach you to be reasonable.

MME. JOURDAIN. It is you who cannot be taught reason and commonsense. You rush pell-mell from one folly to another. What sort of a marriage is this that you want to make?

M. JOURDAIN. I wish to marry our daughter to the son of the Grand Turk.

MME. JOURDAIN. To the son of the Grand Turk?

M. JOURDAIN. Yes. Make him your compliments through the interpreter here.

MME. JOURDAIN. I will have nothing to do with the interpreter. But to *him* I will say, to his nose, —that he shall *not* have *my* daughter.

M. JOURDAIN. Will you be quiet for once?

DORANTE. What! Madame Jourdain, you set yourself against such good fortune as this? You refuse His Highness, the Turk, for a son-in-law?

MME. JOURDAIN. Goodness gracious, Monsieur, please look after your own affairs!

DORIMÈNE. It is a great honor that you are rejecting.

MME. JOURDAIN. Madame, I pray you not to trouble yourself about what does not concern you.

DORANTE. It is our friendship for you which causes us to interest ourselves in your affairs.

MME. JOURDAIN. I can get on very well without your friendship.

DORANTE. But your daughter, you see, has consented to carry out the wishes of her father.

MME. JOURDAIN. My daughter consents to marry a Turk?

DORANTE. Assuredly.

MME. JOURDAIN. She can forget Cléonte?

DORANTE. What would one not do to become a great lady?

MME. JOURDAIN. I would strangle her with my own hands if she did such thing.

M. JOURDAIN. What a hub-bub! I tell you this marriage shall take place.

MME. JOURDAIN. And I tell you, that it shall NEVER take place.

M. JOURDAIN. Such a hurly-ba-loo!

LUCILE. Mother!

MME. JOURDAIN. Go away! You are a good-for-nothing!

M. JOURDAIN. What! You quarrel with her for obeying me?

MME. JOURDAIN. Yes; she is my daughter as well as yours.

COVIELLE. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN)—Madame!

MME. JOURDAIN. What do you want to say to me?

COVIELLE. A word.

MME. JOURDAIN. I will hear nothing.

COVIELLE. (*To* M. JOURDAIN) Monsieur, if she will listen to a word from me in private, I promise you that I will win her consent to what you wish.

MME. JOURDAIN. I will never consent.

COVIELLE. Only listen to me.

MME. JOURDAIN. No.

M. JOURDAIN. (*To* MME. JOURDAIN) Listen to him.

MME. JOURDAIN. No; I do not wish to listen.

M. JOURDAIN. He will tell you——

MME. JOURDAIN. I do not want him to tell me anything.

M. JOURDAIN. How obstinate women are! Will it do you any harm to listen?

COVIELLE. Only listen to me; you can do as you please afterwards.

MME. JOURDAIN. Eh? What?

COVIELLE. (*Aside to* MME. JOURDAIN) We have been making signs to you, Madame, ever since you came in. Do you not see that we are doing all this to adjust ourselves to the visions of your husband; that we are tricking him under a disguise; and that it is Cléonte himself who is the son of the Grand Turk?

MME. JOURDAIN. (*To* COVIELLE) Ah, ah!

COVIELLE. And I, the interpreter, Covielle?

MME. JOURDAIN. Ah! So, I surrender.

COVIELLE. Do not give us away.

MME. JOURDAIN. (*Aloud*) M. Jourdain, I consent to the marriage.

M. JOURDAIN. Ah! Now every one is reasonable. (*Aside to* MME. JOURDAIN) You did not

want to listen to him. I knew he would explain to that he is the son of the Grand Turk.

MME. JOURDAIN. He has explained the situation, and I am satisfied. Let us send for a notary.

DORANTE. That is well said; and allow me, Madame Jourdain, in order that you may be quite content, and that you may lose to-day all the jealousy you may have had of your husband, to say that we will make use of the same notary, Madame the Marquise and I, to draw up our marriage contract.

MME. JOURDAIN. I consent to that too.

M. JOURDAIN. (*Aside to* DORANTE.) That is to deceive her?

DORANTE. (*Aside to* M. JOURDAIN) One must amuse her with that pretense.

M. JOURDAIN. Good, good. (*Aside to a lackey*) Send some one quickly for a notary.

DORANTE. While he is coming, and while he draws up the contracts, let us have our minuet and entertain his Majesty the Turk.

M. JOURDAIN. A good suggestion: come, let us take our places.

MME. JOURDAIN. And what about Nicole?

M. JOURDAIN. Oh, give her to the interpreter, and my wife to any one who will have her. (*Offers his arm gallantly, to his wife*)

COVIELLE. Monsieur, I thank you. A jolly trick! We have won the game!

All take places for minuet—music—dancing—then

CURTAIN.

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BARRETT H. CLARK

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